

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER FOR HALF A CENTURY.

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1874.

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No. 39.

HER NAME.

In the Bible record dingy and old,
Her name and the day of her advent stand,
In a little line in the story told,
Traced out by grandpa's trembling hand;
"Minnie!" we christened her from the first,
Mama Louise the record read;
But the pen was a quill and acted its worst,
And grandpa's r was old-fashioned, we said.

In her school-books, next, with a flourish brave,
The e like a knot in linen thread,
And the middle l she could not save,
From a body too slim for its bulky head.
Then the line was wont to go astray,
But that was a trifle too small to mind,
The lesson in spelling had their day,
And the book and belongings were left behind.

Then the girlish letters, many and oft,
To darling Bessie and dearest May,
Written close and the lines re-crossed,
Daintily signed and sent away,
The church below, and the angel above,
Wrote it on the enlistment rolls,
Of those who strive with the banner of love,
On the side of struggling human souls.

She grew apace, and graced her name,
On many a heart both young and old,
And one consumed in a quenchless flame,
And the story of Eden was sweetly told.

Where the moonlight falls in a tender way,
And the willows droop in the chill night-air,
They hid her fair young face one day,
And carved her name on marble there.

MIRIAM EARL.

Jasper Onslow's Wife.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU.

AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

ON THE BRINK.

To visit him,
To tend him with a soft, officious zeal—
All that I can, I will, to make his misery
Slide from him light and airy.

Mrs. Henderson.

Mrs. Henderson, of Villiers-street, was not a woman of many sorrows, provided her lodgers paid their way. A full purse and an outwardly respectable bearing covered a multitude of sins in her eyes, and a marriage certificate was as a feather in the balance compared to a fat check book or a store of golden sovereigns.

No she said nothing of her suspicions, which a further scrutiny of Mrs. Henderson's belongings confirmed, and waited on the girl as demurely as though she knew her in very deed to be what she called herself—Jasper Onslow's sister.

"Some fine young man that's run away from her, I'll be bound," she thought. "Well, I'll bide my time. They'll find her out, and come after her."

But no one came. Mrs. Henderson had no friends to run after her. Ernest Dormer was the only one who ever asked after her at all.

"I'll try and save her before it is too late," he said to himself. "She's not the sort of girl to live through a scandalous party, and there'll be one by and by when my sweet cousin finds out what has become of her."

He hardly knew what he was going to do or say when he presented himself at the lodging-house door.

"No better," was the account the landlady gave him, "but well nursed. His sister—with the least bit of emphasis in the world—'look after my care of him.'"

"Ah, yes, his sister, Miss Onslow, of course," he said, emboldened by the mention of her name. "How is she?"

"Quite well, sir."

"I think I should like to—to see her to-day," he stammered. "Will you call her down?"

"Certainly, sir. What name?"

"None at all, least, there is no need to give her any. Say an intimate friend of Mr. Onslow's would be glad to see her on business of importance to him."

"Very good, sir."

Mrs. Henderson went with the message herself. She smelt a rat, to use her own parlance, and was not to be deceived. Mrs. Henderson was sitting in what had grown to be her accustomed place near the side of the sick bed; her eyes fixed upon the sick man's face, and her work, some trifle of sewing, fallen into her lap. There was a troubled look in her blue eyes, which were swelled with many tears, and her fair young face was knitted into lines of anxiety and trouble.

"A gentleman wishing to see me," she said, in amazement. "There must be some mistake."

"No mistake, ma'am. Mr. Onslow's sister, he said, and it's an important business to him. Maybe it's about his picture, or something of that sort."

"Say I will come down in a minute or two," Mrs. Henderson said, and the landlady vanished.

"Who can it be? What shall I do?" she said, when she was gone. "It can be no one that knows me, or he would not have asked for his sister. Of importance to him. Yes, I'll risk it. I'll be his sister still, and meet this stranger."

No stranger. It was a face she knew only too well that turned to her when she entered Mrs. Henderson's pretentious drawing-room, to the door of which that worthy person presently crept, to make an unseen third at the interview.

"Mr. Dormer!" she exclaimed, shrinking back. "You?"

"Yes, Miss Chisholm, my very self," he replied, quietly.

"What do you want with me? Have you followed me?"

"No, indeed; I saw you accidentally. I had no idea you were not at the Grange."

"I have left Kingdon forever."

"So I should imagine, or you would hardly be here under an assumed name with him."

"Did you come to insult me, Mr. Dormer?"

"No, on my soul," he replied, warmly.

"Sit down. Your secret is safe with me. I came to save you, if possible."

"To save me?"

"Yes. Do you know what you have done?"

"Do I not know? I have flung away name and fame, all chance of holding my head in the world again, every hope of employment, of bread even, to nurse a man who writhes and moans at the sound of my name, whose whole soul is given to another. Do I know what I have done? Can you, knowing the world, ask me such a question?"

"You have lost nothing yet," he replied, kindly.

"My dear Miss Chisholm, everything may be retrieved, and no one but the wisest. Not a creature but we know your whereabouts. No one in town has seen you, or need ever hear a syllable about your two days' visit to Mrs. Henderson."

"And what am I to do, supposing I accept your kind offer?" she said, somewhat bitterly.

"I expect by this time, Mr. Dormer, every one who knows me is pretty well aware of where I am."

"Who is to tell them?"

"Doris Carlyn."

"Does she know?"

"I did not say I was coming to London to nurse her victim; but I told her what I knew of her conduct to him, and—"

"And what?" he asked, kindly, for the blue eyes grew suffused with tears, which began to fall heavily down her pale cheeks.

"I will not betray any confidence you like to repose in me. I suspect I shall have to have a reckoning with my cousin on my own account some day. What else did you tell her?"

"That I loved the man who lies dying yonder better than I loved my own life—that I would die for him if need be."

"If I must leave this house, the false step you have taken—for it is a false one, believe me—may yet be redeemed."

"I will not redeem it," she said, with flashing eyes. "Have I not said I love him? I love him so dearly, Mr. Dormer, that every stab dealt to him by the beautiful fiend who has brought him to this has gone to my heart like a knife. I love him so that to see him well and happy, and in his place in the world once more, I would nurse him back to life at the risk of my own, even though his first words were to spurn me from his side, and all the world should point at me as his mistress."

"She looked so beautiful in her passionate excitement that he stared at her with unspeakable amazement."

"How lovely she is!" he thought.

"What a pity she should have wasted so much affection on him. On my soul, I don't think he's worth it. Then you won't let me help you?" he said, gravely.

"In one way you can," she said, trying to force her trembling lips into a smile.

"How?"

"Keep my secret, if it is one. I don't deserve all the hard things the world will say of me yet."

"I will, I promise you. Anything else?"

"Rescue my boxes from Kingdon, if you can without trouble or annoyance to yourself. Miss Carlyn has not sent them yet, and I really have nothing to wear."

"You shall have them at once. Doris ought to be ashamed of herself to indulge in such petty spite as that."

"Inspect it was indifference, not spite," Mrs. Henderson replied.

"She has never troubled about it, and the servants have followed her lead, that is all."

"I will see to it."

"And don't speak to her?"

"I will not—be sure of that. Now, is there nothing else?"

"Yes; say good-bye; and when next we meet, if ever we should meet in this world again, pass by on the other side. It will be the kindest thing that you and such as you can do for me."

"The tears came now. Mrs. Henderson's overcharged heart would have relief, and crumpling down before him, she covered her face with her hands, and burst into a passion of bitter tears. He let her weep unchecked till the first burst of her grief had spent itself, and then he tried once more to reason with her, and persuade her to give up her self-imposed task and leave the house."

"It was all in vain. She was not to be turned from her purpose, and with a very heavy heart he was fain to leave her to her work of mercy and gloom."

He went down to Kingdon Grange, and Doris Carlyn received him with a courtesy that was half contemptuous.

"You do not ask for Miss Chisholm," she said, after he had greeted her and her servant.

"I have no need, Doris. I have seen her within twenty-four hours. I have seen her indeed?"

"Yes; and I am here mainly to request that you will kindly forward her luggage. She is in much need of it."

"Do you expect me to see to it myself?"

"No. Give your orders; your servants will obey them."

"I don't know that. My servants are not accustomed to wait upon persons of light character."

"Miss Carlyn, are you speaking of Mrs. Chisholm?"

"I am," was the cold retort; "of Jasper Onslow's mistress."

"You know such an assertion to be false."

"I know it to be true. Read that."

She tossed a letter to him contemptuously, with a look of scorn upon her beautiful face that made her loveliness almost fiendish to look upon. The letter was from Mr. Cromie, in answer to some communication of hers, and bore date only the day before.

"It is a pity such a champion of innocence should not know the truth," she said, with a sneer, as he opened the letter.

It was brief, but very much to the purpose.

"Burlington House, May 5th, 1874."

"My DEAR MISS CARLYN—You will see by the inclosed check, which I am very sorry to have to return, that your month's allowance has been of no avail. Agreeably to your desire, I sought out Mr. Onslow, or rather his lodgings, for I did not see him—and made all inquiries. To my surprise, I was confronted by a young lady, his sister, who repelled me, and declined your proffered aid in the most contemptuous manner. I would rather see him dead in the street, she said, passionately, than accept help for him from her. Bread given him by Doris Carlyn would choke him."

"I was shown out of the house, I may say more astonished than I felt in my life before at the girl's rudeness toward a total stranger. Mr. Onslow has never recovered his senses, and is, therefore, unable to speak for himself. I have no doubt that he would be more grateful. Once more, regretting that I should have been unsuccessful in acting as your almoner, believe me faithfully yours,

"JULIUS MC CORMIE."

"His sister!" Doris said, with a bitter sneer. "He had no sister. He has told me a thousand times how lonely he was, without any relations in the world. Sister, forsooth! A nice, innocent sister, truly!"

"Yes, both pure and innocent, whatever the world may say," Ernest Dormer replied.

plied. "I will go and see to her house being sent out of your house, Miss Carlyn."

"I don't know that I ought to let them go," she replied, tauntingly. "When a servant runs away, it might be as well to see that she takes nothing but her own things with her."

"Stop!" thundered her cousin. "You have said enough. If any man had dared to utter half of what you have thought fit to say against this innocent girl, I would have flung him out of the window yonder, to repent on the stones of the courtyard. A woman can starve as she pleases."

Doris Carlyn had made no secret of where she fancied Mrs. Chisholm had gone, and the servants had taken their cue from their mistress. Hardly one of them would touch Mrs. Onslow's boxes, and one and all expressed their opinion of her pretty openly.

"There will come a day of reckoning for this, Doris Carlyn," he said to her, when at length he had done what he wished, and returned to the sitting room. "All the wrong you are trying to heap on the head of this innocent girl will recoil tenfold on your head in the days to come."

"Do you believe in retributive justice, then, Mr. Dormer?"

"I do."

"Then expect it for yourself. You are something too much interested in your affairs—a little more authoritative than he comes an outsider in that goes on at Kingdon Grange. You fancy it may one day be yours."

"Doris?"

"Oh, I know. You think I shall never marry. You are right. I never shall. Don't stare at me like that. It is no more girlish whim—it is the truth; but whether I live to a green old age, or die to-morrow, you will be no nearer the Grange."

"What do you mean?"

"What I say. It has been very pleasant to look at the old place, hasn't it, and fancy that if it should please Heaven to remove me, you would find it here its master? That day will never come, Ernest Dormer, and it is a keen pleasure to me to know it."

"I don't know in the least what you mean."

"I'll tell you, and when you know it, go, and rid the Grange of your presence forever. Steep your head closer there's no need to enlighten anyone there."

She whispered a few words in his ear, and he looked at her with a stern, set face for a moment, and then, without another word, he rose, and left the room, her mocking laughter following him as he went.

CHAPTER VIII.

SAVED BY A KING.

And there leaven a happiness That makes the heart afraid. —Hood.

Ernest Dormer quitted the Grange, and Doris Carlyn and her aunt went abroad. Nothing of the truth regarding Jasper Onslow had leaked out, and hard things were being said of the heiress, so she thought it well to vanish for awhile. He did not see her cousin again, nor did he visit Mrs. Chisholm.

"I can do nothing but let her alone," he said. "Things must take their course. If Onslow gets well he must marry her. He can't be bound enough not to, unless he is what the doctor seems to dread—an idiot."

He assured himself that nothing was wanting in the dismal little lodgings, and slipped many a sovereign into the hand of the landlady for comfort, which Mrs. Onslow could not buy. But an sad came to his ministrations. He was obliged to leave England to see after some property of his

father's in the West Indies. Before he left he wrote to Mrs. Onslow, and she was left to her own devices.

He was not to see her, for he knew she would refuse his aid, so he sent her a short note, begging her acceptance of all the money he could spare—fifty pounds—which he had the forethought to send in small notes, and bidding her good-bye. The money was for Jasper Onslow, he told her, so she must not scruple to use it.

There was not a word of reference to her position, not a line that a brother might not have written to a sister, and Mrs. Onslow felt doubly lonely when she knew he was gone. She had not seen him for some time, but she knew she had a friend while he was in London, and now it seemed as though she were thrown upon the wide world alone.

But a happier time was coming for her—a time when Jasper Onslow opened his eyes and ceased his restless roaming, and looked at her with a recognizing glance. She saw him looking earnestly at his own wasted hands and round the room in questioning wonder, and hid herself behind the curtain, that he might not be too much startled all at once.

Presently he said, in a low, faint voice—

"Is any one there?" and she slipped from her hiding place, and stood by his side.

"I am here, Mr. Onslow," she said.

"You, Miss Chisholm?"

"Yes. Don't try to talk yet. Drink a little of this."

She put a cordial to his lips, and lifted his head upon her arm to enable him to take it.

"Am I ill?" he said. "What has happened to me?"

"Never mind yet awhile. Thank Heaven you are better. You will know all by and by."

He was too weak to talk, and fell asleep almost while he was talking to her. The doctor, when he came, pronounced that the crisis was past, and that with care and attention a cure would follow. The next day Jasper remembered all the scenes at the Academy, his despair, and the agony he had felt when insensibility mercifully seized him.

"But you," he said to Mrs. Onslow, "how came you here? You were at—"

"But I have left it far, far."

"For my sake, to nurse me?"

"Don't ask me, Mr. Onslow. Don't question me, for Heaven's sake. You are better now, and I will go. It was only while there seemed no hope of your life that my place was by your side."

"Go, when I owe my life to you? Go, when you have rendered your good name for my worthless sake? May and be my good angel forever, Mrs. Onslow. Be my wife, and bless the life that Heaven has restored to me through you."

Mrs. Onslow heart beat wildly at his words. To be his wife would seem like a foretaste of Heaven to her, but she could not forget her constant moan for Doris Carlyn during the days of his delirium, and her voice was very tremulous as she answered him.

"Do not speak hastily, Mr. Onslow. You are very good, but it is not I whom you love. Your heart is given away, and the name of another woman has been constantly on your lips ever since I have been watching by your side."

"Do not judge me now by what I utter, but by what I have done. I am cured, believe me. I was cured before I left Kingdon Grange. All that remained of my mad passion for Doris Carlyn was a burning desire for revenge. Even that has passed away now. I am simply indifferent to her altogether. I could meet her face to face, and not feel a flutter at my heart or a flush on my cheek. I can leave her to Heaven—her punishment will come."

"Are you sure of this?"

"Quite sure. Lay your lips on mine, Mrs. Onslow, and say you will have me. We shall be very poor, my dear, and you will spend your honeymoon in nursing a broken-down invalid; but I'll be true and faithful to you. May you love me enough for such a sacrifice. I think you do—I read it in your eyes."

Mrs. Onslow's lips could hardly deny what her eyes had revealed, and it was with a very full heart that she laid her head upon his breast and whispered how she loved him.

All that day she watched him as he lay sleeping in the exhaustion which follows fever, and thought of the future. What mattered it if they were poor, so he loved her and she was his wife? All remembrance of the discomfort of her position, the possible scandal, the sadness with which she would be received when she went into the world again, vanished in the promised bliss of the future, and there was not a lighter heart in all London than hers when at length she lay down to rest after the excitement of the day.

The next day Jasper Onslow was able to talk, and discuss with Mrs. Onslow what was to be done and what had passed. He told him everything that had happened; and how kind Ernest Dormer had been.

"But he is gone now," she said, "and I don't know a single creature I could tell."

"Of course not," he said, quickly. "No one must know what has happened till you go out with me my wife. Tell Mrs. Henderson, Mrs. Onslow. She isn't a bad sort of woman at bottom, though something vulgar-tongued."

"Do you know, Jasper, I fancy she suspects."

"What?"

"That I am not your sister."

"She's hardly the woman to keep it to herself if she does, dear; but I think she will help you."

Mrs. Onslow went down in the evening with considerable trepidation, and sought an audience of Mrs. Henderson. That lady was in her own peculiar sanctum, reposing after the toil of getting her drawing-room lodger a dinner ready, and was tolerably good tempered.

"Can you spare me five minutes?" Mrs. Onslow asked.

"I have something to say to you."

"Yes, my dear," she said, promptly.

"Sit down. You're looking very thin and pale; but for all that," she added, mentally, "if it's to say that you've no money, or anything of that sort, you don't stay here."

"Anxiety is apt to make people look worn," Mrs. Onslow replied, "and I have had a good deal."

"Yes, to be sure, miss; but your brother is getting round nicely now."

"Very nicely, thank you. I came to speak to you about him, the poor girl said, blundering right into her subject, and speaking very fast. "I wanted to tell you that that Mr. Onslow is not my brother. I am in no way related to him."

Mrs. Henderson did not say she was perfectly aware of the fact, and did not mind so she got her rent. She drew herself up in a virtuously indignant manner, and replied, stiffly—

"Indeed, madam! Then, may I ask—"

"Don't ask anything, Mrs. Henderson," Mrs. Onslow replied, hastily. "At least, till I have told you what I want. There was no other way of getting into your house to nurse him. You would not have let me in if I had said I was only a woman who loved him so dearly that I would die for him if need be, so I said he was my brother, and now I want you to help me."

"Indeed, madam. Miss Onslow is my name."

"And what can I do for you? I cannot permit you to."

"To stay here under false pretences any longer, of course not. But we have no friends, either of us, and I don't know London, and you do. We want to be married at once. Can you help us?"

"Married, my dear?"

"Yes. I know quite well how I have compromised myself by what I have done. Mr. Onslow will not be able to go out for a long time, and I want to have the right to nurse him."

"Of course, of course, my dear. It's quite proper, but it will cost money, and if I have enough, at least, I hope so. I can bear the expense."

"Well, I'll come up and talk to Mr. Onslow about it, if he'll let me. I'm old enough to be the mother of the pair of you, and I'll help you if I can. I can't make it out," she said to herself, as Mrs. Onslow went upstairs light of heart and foot.

If she the woman he loves, why, then, madame and fools he. Why, I've listened to him shouting for Doris somebody, and calling her his darling, many a time since that girl came here. Mrs. Henderson's name, and she's a pretty creature. I help me, though I fancy he's only marrying her because he can't get the other one, whoever she may be."

Mrs. Henderson was mistaken. Jasper Onslow had not wished for Doris Carlyn now. He was in love with Mrs. Onslow, but it was a love engendered by her patient devotion and brave self-sacrifice. Mrs. Henderson learned nearly all there was to tell in her interview with him, and promised to fetter the clergyman of the parish to him without delay.

And so it came about that in a short time there was a quiet wedding in the nearest church. Jasper Onslow was just able to be driven to the church, and Mrs. Onslow was pale and worn from all her watching and anxiety. Mrs. Henderson and an old

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TERMS---Always in Advance.

SATURDAY EVENING POST,

POUNCE, MARRIAGE.—MARRIAGE among the Burnese is a most peculiar institution, and the "marriage knot" is very easily undone. If two persons are tired of each other a society, they dissolve their union in the following simple and touching but conclusive manner. They respectively light two candles, and shutting up their hair and down and wait until they are burned up. The one whose candle burns out first gets up at once and leaves the house and never taking nothing but the clothes he or she may have on at the time; all else then becomes the property of the other party.

Dickens's Last Years.

• • •

Limestone

It is remarkable how many Englishmen in the front rank of intellect and achievement have, in this generation, acknowledged their obligations to their wives for the best part of their intellectual life. Lord Stuart Mill, Lord Palmerston, Lord Courne, Sir Samuel Baker, are names which recall in every case a full and affectionate record of conjugal virtue and excellence. The perfect companionship of Queen Victoria with her husband is well known.

A WOMAN'S VIEW.

IS ALCOHOL POISONOUS?

IS ALCOHOL A POISON?
 MESSRS. EDITORS—The question, "Is Alcohol a Poison?" never had any great interest for me—for I never thought it decided the question whether alcoholic liquors

LETTERS FROM THE EDITOR

Alcohol has thus a two-fold action. First, it is capable, in proper dose, of being consumed and utilized as a force-producer; in which case there is no visible disturbance

Such, according to the present state of chemical and physiological science, are the main facts concerning the action of alco-

OLD LOVE

Faults of Temper.

Mrs. Astor's Diamonds.
Mrs. Astor, the wife of the hundred-

distressing than to witness pain which one has no power to alleviate, and to be continually reminded of sorrows which cannot be assuaged?—*Christian Weekly*.

从17世纪起——从17世纪起。

THE BITER BITTEN.

one of the newly-elected State Senators, to whom ice-cream was as great a novelty as his political office was a novel one. "Golly, chile, dis am de cold one, ever ate?"

ever also:

led her to see it. If they inquire what she is, tell them also, if you so will; but tell them, at the same time, that you outraged and betrayed her, driving her to the very depth of desperation, ere she quitted them in her despair."

The handwriting, his wife's, swam before the eyes of Mr. Carlyle. All save the disgraceful fact that she had fallen upon a horrible suspicion began to dawn upon him with whom — was totally incomprehensible. How had he outraged her? in what manner had he goaded her to it? The discomforts alighted upon him, and the work of his sister, had evidently no part in this, yet, what had he more to do? He read the letter again, more slowly. No, he could not comprehend it; he had not the clue.

At that moment the voices of the servants in the corridor outside penetrated his ears. Of course they were peering about, and making their own comments. With them, by her long tresses, the bonnet. They were saying, that Captain Levinson was not in his room; that his bed had not been slept in.

Joyce sat on the edge of a chair—she could not stand—watching her master with a blanched face. Never had she seen him betray agitation so powerful. Not the faintest suspicion of the dreadful truth lay upon her. He walked to the door, then, and he looked back, then, he turned, he wavered, and stood still, as if he did not know what he was doing. Probably he did not. Then he took out his pocket-book, put the note inside it, and returned it to his pocket, his hands trembling equally with his livid lips.

"You need not mention this," he said to Joyce, indicating the note. "It concerns mamma."

"Sir, does it say she's dead?"

"She is not dead," he answered.

"Worse than that," he added, in his heart

"Why—who is this?" uttered Joyce.

It was little Isabel, stealing in with a frightened face, in her white nightgown. The commotion had aroused her.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"Where's mamma?"

"Child, you'll catch your death of cold," said Joyce. "Go back to bed."

"But I want mamma."

"In the morning, dear," evasively returned Joyce. "Sir, please, must not Miss Isabel go back to bed?"

Mr. Carlyle made no reply to the question; most likely he never heard its import. But he reached his hand, hesitating to draw Joyce's attention to the child.

"Joyce—Miss Lucy, in future."

He left the room, and Joyce remained silent from amazement. She heard him go out at the hall door and bang it after him. Isabel—nay, we must say "Lucy" also—went and stood outside the chamber door, the servants, gathered in a group near, did not observe her. Presently she came, looking back, and disturbed Joyce from her reverie.

"Joyce, is it true?"

"Is what true, my dear?"

"They are saying that Captain Levinson has taken away my mamma."

Joyce fell back in her chair with a scream. It changed to a long, low moan of anguish.

"How could he have taken her for? To kill her? I thought it was only kidnappers who took people."

"Child, child, go to bed."

"Oh, Joyce, I want mamma. When will she come back?"

Joyce hid her face in her hands to conceal its emotion from the motherless child. And just then Miss Carlyle entered on tiptoe, and humbly sat down on a low stool, her green dress gleaming that night in its grief, its remorse, and its horror, looking nearly as dark as her stockings.

She broke into a subdued wail.

"God be merciful to this dishonored house!"

Mr. Justice Hare turned into his gate between twelve and one—in with a janny air; for the justice was in spirits, and leaving won nine shillings, and his friends, the Justices, never had she experienced a moment's calm, or peace, or happiness, since the fatal night of quitting her home. She had taken a blind leap in a moment of wild passion, when, instead of the garden of roses it had been her personal pleasure to promise her she would fall into—out— which, in truth, she had barely glanced at, for that had not been the feeling, moderate as her son had played into a yawning abyss of horror, from which there was nevermore any escape—nevermore, nevermore. The very instant the very night of her departure, she awoke to what she had done. The guilt, whose aspect had been shrouded in the prospective, assumed at once its true frightful color, the blackness of darkness, and a lively remorse, a never-dying anguish, came to her, and she found herself saying to her reader, believe me! Lady Evelyn—mother! should you ever be tempted to abscond in your home, so will you awake. Whichever trials may be the lot of your married life, though they may magnify themselves to your crushed spirit as beyond the nature, the endurance of woman to bear, resolve to bear them; fall down upon your knees, and pray to be enabled to bear them; pray for patience; pray for strength to resist the demon that would tempt you to escape—bore into death, rather than forfeit your fair name and your good conscience; for be assured that the alternative, if you do rush on to it, will be found worse than death.

For so thing poor Lady Isabel! She had sacrificed her name, children, reputation, comfort, to her mother's sin; and she was alone. She had forfeited her duty to God, and deliberately broken his commandments, for the one poor miserable sake of lying with Francis Levinson. But the instant the step was irrevocable, the instant he had left the banner behind, repentance set in. Even in the first days of her departure, in the fleeting moments of slumber, she would pray to be forgiven, it might momentarily forget conscience, it might sharply knowing her with its sadder tings, and she knew that her whole false existence, whether spent with that man or without him, would be a dark course of growing retribution.

Nearly a year went by, save some six or

A SPRING MORNING.

The green grass blades, quivering
With joy at the dawn of day
(For the first time since the day
Of the flowers of the field are they)
Delayed it how to their feet.
Neighbors that sat on the ground,
Dandelion and daisy,
Lay still in a stammering sound;
But soon as a ripple of shadow
Runs over the whispering wheat,
The runner ran over the meadow,
With its umbels fluttering fast,
It was told by the water-cresses
To the brooklet that, in and out
Of the gurgling green recesses,
For gossamer was padding about,
And the brooklet, full of the matter,
Spurred it abroad with pride;
But he turned to gossip and chatter,
And started to go to his bed,
That his nose cut there before him,
For his journey down was done,
And young leaves in the vale laughed over him,
"We knew it!" The story is done.
LORD LYTON.

EAST LYNNE;

OR,

THE ELOPEMENT.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

CHAPTER XXIV.—(CONTINUED.)

Mr. Carlyle came to the front door, opened it, and admitted Captain Thorne. He brought him into the clerk's office, which was bright with gas, keeping him in conversation for a few minutes standing, and then asking him to be seated: all in full view of the little window.
"I must beg your pardon for being late," Captain Thorne observed. "I am half an hour beyond the time you mentioned, but the Herberts had two or three friends at dinner, and I could not get away. I hope, Mr. Carlyle, you have not come to your office to-night purposely for me."
"Business must be attended to," somewhat evasively answered Mr. Carlyle: "I have been out myself nearly all day. We received a communication from London this morning, relative to your affair, and I am sorry to say it is anything but satisfactory. They will not wait."
"But I am not liable, Mr. Carlyle. Not liable in justice."
"No—if what you tell me be correct. But justice and law are sometimes in opposition, Captain Thorne."
Captain Thorne sat perplexed. "They will not get arrested here, will they?"
"They would have done it, beyond doubt; but I have caused a letter to be written and dispatched to them, which must bring forth an answer before any violent proceedings are taken. That answer will be here the morning after to-morrow."
"And what am I to do, then?"
"I think it probable there may be a way then of checking them. But I am not sure, Captain Thorne, that I can give my attention further to this affair."
"I hope and trust you will," was the reply.
"You have not forgotten that I told you at first, I could not promise to do so," rejoined Mr. Carlyle. "You shall hear from me to-morrow. If I carry it on for you, I will then appoint an hour for you to be here the following day; if not—why, I dare say you will find a solicitor as capable of assisting you as I am."
"But why will you not? What is the reason?"
"I cannot always give reasons for what I do," was the response. "You shall hear from me to-morrow."
He rose as he spoke: Captain Thorne also rose. Mr. Carlyle detained him yet a few moments, and then saw him out at the front door and fastened it.
He returned and released Richard. The latter took off his hat as he advanced into the blaze of light.
"Well, Richard, is it the same man?"
"No, sir. Not in the least like him."
Mr. Carlyle, though little given to emotion, felt a strange relief—relief for Captain Thorne's sake. He had rarely seen one whom he could so little associate with the notion of a murderer as Captain Thorne, and he was a man who exceedingly won upon the regard. He would heartily help him out of his dilemma now.
"Excepting that they are both tall, with nearly the same color of hair, there is no resemblance whatever between them," proceeded Richard. "Their faces, their figures are as opposite as light is from dark. That other, in spite of his handsome features, had the expression at times of a demon; but this one's expression is the best part of his face. Hallioun's murderer had a curious look here, sir."
"Where?" questioned Mr. Carlyle, for Richard had only pointed to his face generally.
"Well—I cannot say precisely where it lay, whether in the eyebrows or the eyes; I could not tell when I used to have him before me; but it was in one of them. Ah, Mr. Carlyle, I thought, when Barbara told me Thorne was here, it was too good news to be true. Depend on it, he won't venture to West Lynne again. This man is no more like that other villain than you are like him."
"Then—as that is set at rest—we had better be going, Richard. You have to see your mother, and she must be waiting in anxiety. How much money do you want?"
"Twenty-five pounds would do, but—" Richard stopped in hesitation.
"But what?" asked Mr. Carlyle. "Speak out, Richard."
"Thirty would be more welcome. Thirty would put me at ease."
"You shall take thirty," said Mr. Carlyle, counting out the notes to him. "Now—will you walk with me to the Grove, or will you walk alone? I mean to see you there in safety."
Richard thought he would prefer to walk alone; everybody they met might be speaking to Mr. Carlyle. The latter inquired why he chose moonlight nights for his visits.
"It is pleasant for night travelling. And, had I chosen dark nights, Barbara could not have seen my signal from the trees," was the answer of Richard.
They went out and proceeded unmolested to the house of Justice Hare. It was past nine then. "I am so much obliged to you, Mr. Carlyle," whispered Richard, as they walked up the path.
"I wish I could help you more effectively, Richard, and clear up the mystery. Is Barbara on the watch? Yes; there's the door slowly opening."
Richard stole across the hall and into the parlor to his mother. Barbara approached and softly whispered Mr. Carlyle, standing just outside the parlor; her voice trembled with the suspense of what the answer might be.
"Is it the same man? The same Thorne?"
"No, Richard says this man bears no resemblance to the real one."
"Oh! then Barbara, in her surprise and disappointment, 'Not the same! And for the best part of poor Richard's evening have been taken up for nothing.'"
"Not quite nothing," said Mr. Carlyle. "The question is now set at rest."

"Set at rest!" repeated Barbara. "It is left in more uncertainty than ever."

"Set at rest so far as regards Captain Thorne. And whilst our suspicions were concerned upon him, we thought not of looking to other quarters."

When they entered the sitting room, Mrs. Hare was crying over her, and Richard was crying over her; but she seized the hand of Mr. Carlyle.

"You have been very kind; I don't know what we should do without you. And I want to say your kindness further. Has Barbara mentioned it?"

"I could not talk in the hall, mamma; the servants might have overheard."

"Mr. Hare is not well, and we terribly fear he will be home early, in consequence; otherwise we should have been quite safe until after ten, for he has gone to the back of the house, and they never leave, you know, till the hour has struck. Should he come in and see Richard—oh, I need not enlarge upon the consequences to you, Archibald; the very thought sends me into a shiver. Barbara and I have been discussing it all the evening, and we can only think of one plan. It is, that you will kindly stay in the garden near the gate; and, should he come in, stop him and keep him in conversation. Barbara will be with you, and will run in with the warning, and Richard can go inside the closet in the hall, till Mr. Hare has entered and is safe in this room, and then he can make his escape. Will you do this, Archibald?"

"Certainly I will."

"I cannot part with him before ten o'clock, unless I am forced," she whispered, pressing Mr. Carlyle's hands in her earnest gratitude. "You don't know what it is, Archibald, to have a lost son home for an hour but once in seven years. At ten o'clock we will part."

Mr. Carlyle and Barbara began to pace the path, in compliance with the wish of Mrs. Hare, keeping near the entrance-gate. When they were turning the second time, Mr. Carlyle offered her his arm; it was an act of mere politeness. Barbara took it; and there they waited and waited, but the justice did not come.

Punctually to the minute, half after nine, Lady Isabel's carriage arrived at Mrs. Jefferson's, and she came out immediately, a headache being the plea for her early departure. She had not far to go, to reach East Lynne, about two miles, and it was a by-road nearly all the way. They could emerge into the open road if they pleased, but it was a trial further. Suddenly a gentleman approached the carriage as it was bowing along, and waved his hand to the coachman to pull up. In spite of the glowing moonlight, Lady Isabel did not at first recognize him, for he wore a disfiguring fur cap, the ears of which were tied over his ears and cheeks. It was Francis Levison. She put down the window.

"I thought it must be your carriage. How early you are returning! Were you tired of your entertainers?"

"Why, he knew what time my lady was returning," thought John to himself; "he asked me. A false sort of chap that, I've a notion."

"I came out for a midnight stroll, and have tired myself," he proceeded. "Will you take compassion on me and give me a seat home?"

She acquiesced; she could not do otherwise. The footman sprang from behind to open the door, and Francis Levison took his place beside Lady Isabel. "Take the high road," he put out his hand to say to the coachman, and the man touched his hat. Which high road would cause them to pass Mr. Hare's.

"I did not know you," she began, gathering herself into her own corner. "What ugly thing is that you have on?" It is like a disguise."

He was taking off the "ugly thing" as she spoke, and began to twist it round his hand. "Disguise? Oh, no, I have no creditors in the immediate neighborhood of East Lynne."

False as ever. It was worn as a disguise, and he knew it.

"Is Mr. Carlyle at home?" she inquired.

"No." Then, after a pause—"I expect he is more agreeably engaged."

The tone, a most significant one, brought the tingling blood to the cheeks of Lady Isabel. She looked to preserve a dignified silence, and did, for a few moments; but the jealous question broke out.

"Engaged in what manner?"

"As I came by Hare's house just now, I saw two people, a gentleman and a young lady, coupled lovingly together, enjoying a tête-à-tête by moonlight. Unless I am mistaken, he was the favored individual whom you call lord and master."

Lady Isabel almost ground her teeth; the jealous doubts which had been tormenting her all the evening were confirmed. That the man whom she hated—yes, in her blind anger, she hated him then—should so impose upon her, should excuse himself by lies, his base and false as he was, from accompanying her out, on purpose to pass the hours with Barbara Hare! Had she been alone in the carriage, a torrent of passion had probably escaped her.

She leaned back, panting in her emotion, but biding it from Captain Levison. As they came opposite to Justice Hare's she deliberately bent forward and scanned the garden with eager eyes.

There, in the bright moonlight, all too bright and clear, slowly paced, arm-in-arm, side by side, came other, her husband and Barbara Hare. With a choking sob that could no longer be controlled or hidden, Lady Isabel sank back again.

He, that bold, bad man, dared to put his arm round her; to draw her to his side, to whisper that his love was left to her, if another's was withdrawn. She was most assuredly out of her senses that night, or she never would have listened to a jealous woman's mad; an outraged Lady Isabel truly believed that every sacred feeling which ought to exist between man and wife was betrayed by Mr. Carlyle.

"He avenged on that false hound, Isabel. He was never worthy of you. Leave your life of misery, and come to happiness."

Isabel almost burst into tears, and she broke into a storm of sobs. Were they caused by passion against her husband, or by these bold and shameless words? Alas! alas! Francis Levison applied himself to soothe her with all the sweet and dangerous sophistry of his crafty nature.

The minutes flew on. A quarter to ten; ten; a quarter past ten; and still Richard Hare lingered on with his mother, and still Mr. Carlyle and Barbara paced patiently the garden path. At half past ten Richard came forth, after having taken his last farewell. Then came Barbara's tearful farewell, which Mr. Carlyle witnessed; then a hard grasp of that gentleman's hand, and Richard plunged amidst the trees, to depart the way he came.

"Good-night, Barbara," said Mr. Carlyle. "Will you not come in and say good-night to mamma?"

"Not now; it is late. Tell her how glad I am things have gone off so well."

He set off at a strapping pace toward his home, and Barbara leaned on the gate to indulge in tears. Not a soul passed to interrupt her, and the justice did not come.

What could have become of him? What could the back of the head be thinking of, to detain respectable elderly justices from their beds, who ought to go home early and set a good example to the parish? Barbara knew, the next day, that Justice Hare, with a few more gentlemen, had been seduced from the staid old inn to a friend's house, to an entertainment of supper, pipes and what, two tables, penny points, and it was between twelve and one that the party rose from the fascination. So far, well—as it happened.

Barbara knew not how long she lingered at that gate; ten minutes it may have been. Nobody summoned her; Mrs. Hare was indulging her grief in doors, giving no thought to Barbara, and the justice did not make his appearance. Exceedingly surprised was Barbara to hear fast footsteps, and to find that they were Mr. Carlyle's.

"The moment I saw the lost speed, Barbara," he called out as he came up. "I had got half way home, and have had to come back again. When I went into your sitting room, I left a small parcel, containing a parchment, on the sideboard. Will you get it for me?"

Barbara ran indoors and brought forth the parcel, and Mr. Carlyle, with a brief word of thanks, sped away with it.

She leaned on the gate as before, the ready tears flowing again; her heart was aching for Richard; it was aching for the disappointment the night had brought forth respecting Captain Thorne. Still nobody passed; still the steps of her father were not heard, and Barbara stayed on. But—what was that figure, cowering under shade of the hedge at a distance, and seemingly watching her? Barbara strained her eyes, while her heart beat as if it would burst its bounds. Surely, surely, it was her brother! What had he ventured back for?

Richard Hare it was. When fully assured that Barbara was standing there, he knew the justice was still absent, and ventured to advance. He appeared to be in a strange state of emotion, his breath labored, and his frame trembling.

"Barbara! Barbara!" he ejaculated, "I have seen Thorne!"

Barbara thought him demented. "I know you saw him," she slowly said; "but it was not the right Thorne."

"Not he," breathed Richard; "not the gentleman I saw to-night in Carlyle's office. I have seen the fellow himself. Why do you stare at me thus? He is taller and more powerful than I, and might have killed me if he were not so kind. He is a gentleman, and he was telling me."

"When I left here, I cut across into Rian-lane, which is more private for me than this road," proceeded Richard. "Just as I got to that clump of trees—you know it, Barbara—I saw somebody coming to meet me from a distance. I stopped back behind the trunk of the tree, into the shade of the hedge, for I don't care to be met, though I am disguised. He came along the middle of the lane, going toward West Lynne, and I looked out upon him. I knew him long before he was abreast of me; it was Thorne. Barbara made no comment; she was digesting the news."

Every drop of blood within me began to tingle, and an impulse came upon me to follow him. I did so, and I saw him enter the house of Hallioun, and went on Richard, in the same excited manner, 'but I restrained it; or, perhaps my courage failed. One of the reproaches against me had used to be that I was a physical coward, you know, Barbara.' He added, his tone changing to bitterness. 'In a struggle, Thorne would have had the best of it; he is taller and more powerful than I, and might have killed me if he were not so kind. A man who can commit one murder, won't hesitate at a second.'

"Richard, do you think you could have been deceived?" she asked. "You had been talking of Thorne, and your thoughts were, naturally, bearing upon him. Imagination—"

"No, Barbara," he interrupted, "I did not tell you he was stamped here; touching his breast. 'Do you take me for a child, or an imbecile, that I should fancy I see Thorne in every shadow, or meet people as I do not? He had his hat off, as if he had been walking fast and had got hot—fast he was walking; and he carried his hat in one hand, and the other looked like a small parrot. With the other hand he was pushing his hair from his brow—in this way—a peculiar way,' added Richard, slightly lifting his own hat, and pushing back his hair. 'By that action alone I should have known him, for he was always doing it in the old days. And there was his white hat, adorned with his diamond ring.' Barbara, the diamond glittered in the moonlight."

Richard's voice and manner were singularly earnest, and a conviction of the truth of his assertion flashed over his sister.

"I saw his face as plainly as I ever saw it—every feature—he is scarcely altered, save for a haggardness in his cheeks now. Barbara, you need not doubt me; I swear it was Thorne."

She grew excited as he was; now that she believed the news, it was telling upon her; reason left its place, and impulse succeeded; Barbara did not wait to weigh her actions.

"Richard! Mr. Carlyle ought to know this. He has but just gone; we may overtake him, if we try."

Forgetting the strange apparition of the night, she sprang along the path, and at that hour of the night, should she meet any who knew her—forgetting what the consequences might be, did Justice Hare return and find her absent, Barbara set off with a fleet foot, Richard more stealthily following her—his eyes cast in all directions. Fortunately Barbara wore a bonnet and muffle, which she had put on to pace the garden with Mr. Carlyle; fortunately, also, the road was remarkably empty of passengers. She succeeded in reaching Mr. Carlyle before he turned into East Lynne gates.

"Barbara!" he exclaimed, in the extreme of astonishment. "Barbara?"

"Archibald! Archibald!" she panted, gasping for breath. "I am not out of my mind—but do come and speak to Richard. He has just seen the real Thorne."

Mr. Carlyle, amazed and wondering, turned back. They got over the field stile, nearly opposite the gate, drew behind the hedge, and there Richard told his tale. Mr. Carlyle did not appear to doubt it, as Barbara had done; perhaps he could not, in the face of Richard's agitation and intense earnestness.

"I am sure there is no one named Thorne in the neighborhood, save the gentleman you saw in my office to-night, Richard," observed Mr. Carlyle, after some deliberation. "It is very strange."

"He may be staying here under a feigned name," replied Richard. "There can be no mistake that it is Thorne whom I have just met."

"How was he dressed? As a gentleman?"

"Catch him dressing as anything else," returned Richard. "He was in an evening suit of black, with a sort of this overcoat thrown on, but it was flung back at the shoulders, and I distinctly saw his

clothes. A gray alpaca, it looked like. As I have told Barbara, I should have known him by this action of the hand," imitating it, "as he pushed his hair off his forehead; it was the delicate white hand of the days gone by, Mr. Carlyle; it was the flashing diamond ring!"

Mr. Carlyle was silent; Barbara also; but the thoughts of both were busy.

"Richard," observed the former, "I should advise you to remain a day or two in the neighborhood, and look out for this man. You may see him again, and may track him home. It is very desirable to find out who he really is, if practicable."

"But the danger!" urged Richard. "Your fears magnify that. I am quite certain that nobody would know you in broad daylight, disguised as you are now. So many years have flown since, that people have forgotten to think about you, Richard."

But Richard could not be persuaded; he was full of fears. He described the man as accurately as he could to Mr. Carlyle and Barbara, and told them they must look out. With some trouble, Mr. Carlyle got from him an address in London, to which he might write, in case anything turned up, and Richard's presence should be necessary. He then once more said farewell, and quitted them, his way lying past East Lynne.

"And now to see you back, Barbara," said Mr. Carlyle.

"Indeed you shall not do it—late as it is, and tired as you must be. I came here alone; Richard did not keep near me."

"I cannot help your having come here alone; but you may rely upon it I do not suffer you to go back so. Nonetheless, Barbara, allow me to go along the high road by yourself at eleven o'clock at night! What are you thinking of?"

He gave Barbara his arm, and they pursued their way. "How late Lady Isabel will think you!" observed Barbara.

"I don't know that Lady Isabel has returned home yet. My being late once in a while is of no consequence."

Not another word was spoken, save by Barbara. "Whatever excuse can I make, should papa be come home?" Both were buried in their own reflections. "Thank you very greatly," she said as they reached her gate, and Mr. Carlyle finally turned away. Barbara stole in, and found the coast clear; her papa had not arrived.

Lady Isabel was in her dressing-room when Mr. Carlyle entered; she was seated at a table writing. A few questions as to her evening's visit, which she answered in the briefest way possible, and then he asked her if she was not going to bed.

"By and by. I am not sleepy."

"I must go at once, Isabel, for I am dead tired." And no wonder.

"You can go," was her answer.

He bent down to kiss her, but she drew back and turned her face away. He supposed she felt hurt that he had not come with her to the party, and placed his hand on her shoulder with a pleasant smile.

"You foolish child, to be aggrieved at that! It was no fault of mine, Isabel; I could not help myself. I will talk to you in the morning; I am too tired to-night. I suppose you will not be long."

Her heart was bent over her writing again, and she made no reply. Mr. Carlyle went into the bedroom and shut the door. Some time after, Lady Isabel went softly up stairs to Joyce's room. Joyce, fast in her first sleep, was suddenly aroused from it. There stood her mistress, a white light in her hand. Joyce rubbed her eyes and collected her senses, and finally sat up in bed.

"My lady! Are you ill?"

"No; I am well, and I am not ill," answered Lady Isabel; and ill she did look, for she was perfectly white. "Joyce, I want a promise from you. If anything should happen to me, stay at East Lynne with my children."

Joyce stared in amazement, too astonished to make any reply.

"Joyce, you promised it once before; promise it again. Whatever befalls you, you will stay with my children when I am gone."

"I will stay with them. But, oh, my lady, what can be the matter with you? Are you taken suddenly ill?"

"Good-bye, Joyce," murmured Lady Isabel, gliding from the chamber as quietly as she had entered it. And Joyce, after an hour of perplexity, dropped asleep again.

Joyce was not the only one whose rest was disturbed that eventful night. Mr. Carlyle himself awoke, and to his surprise found that his wife had not come to bed. He wondered what the time was, and struck his repeater. A quarter past three!

Rising, he made his way to the door of his wife's dressing room. It was in dark, new, and so, far as he could judge by the absence of sound, unoccupied.

"Isabel!"

No reply. Nothing but the echo of his own voice in the silence of the night.

He struck a match and lighted a taper, partially dressed himself, and went about to look for her. He feared she might have been taken ill, or else fallen asleep in some one of the rooms. But nowhere could he find her, and, feeling perplexed, he proceeded to his sister's chamber door and knocked.

Miss Carlyle was a slight sleeper, and rose up in bed at once. "Who's that?" called out she.

"It is only I, Caroline," said Mr. Carlyle.

"You?" ejaculated Miss Carlyle. "What in the name of fortune do you want? You can come in."

Mr. Carlyle opened the door, and met the keen eyes of his sister bent on him from the bed. Her head was surmounted by a remarkable nightcap, at least a foot high.

"Is anything the matter?" she demanded.

"I think Isabel must be, I cannot find her."

"Not find her?" echoed Miss Carlyle. "Why, what's the time? Is she not in bed?"

"It is three o'clock. She has not been to bed. I cannot find her in the sitting-rooms; neither is she in the children's room."

"Then I'll tell you what it is, Archibald! She has been dressing after Joyce. Perhaps the girl may be in pain to-night."

Mr. Carlyle was in full retreat toward Joyce's room, at this suggestion, when his sister called to him.

"If anything is amiss with Joyce, you come and tell me, Archibald, for I shall get up and see after her. The girl was my servant before she was your wife."

He retraced Joyce's room, and softly unlatched the door, fully expecting to find a light there, and his wife sitting by the bedside. There was no light, however, save that which came from the taper he held, and he saw no signs of his wife. Where was she? Was it probable that Joyce could tell him? He stepped inside the room and called to her.

Joyce started up in a fright, which changed to astonishment when she recognized her master. He inquired whether Lady Isabel had been there, and for a few moments Joyce did not answer. She had been dressing of Lady Isabel, and could not at first detach the dream from the visit which had probably given rise to it.

"What did you say, sir? Is my lady worse?"

"I asked if she has been here. I cannot find her."

"Why, yes," said Joyce, now fully aroused. "She came here and woke me. That was just before twelve, for I heard the clock strike. She did not stay here a minute, sir."

"Woke you?" repeated Mr. Carlyle.

"What did she want? What did she come here for?"

Thoughts are quick; imagination is still quicker; and Joyce was giving the reins to both. Her mistress's gloomy and ambiguous words were crowding on her brain. Three o'clock! and she had not been to bed, and was not to be found in the house? A nameless horror struggled to Joyce's face, her eyes were dilating with it, she seized and threw on a large flannel gown which lay on a chair by the bed, and for getting of her master who stood there, out she sprang to the floor. All minor considerations faded to insignificance beside the terrible dread which had taken possession of her. Clipping the flannel gown tight round her with one hand, she laid the other on the arm of Mr. Carlyle.

"Oh, master! oh, master! she has destroyed herself! I see it all now."

"Joyce," sternly interrupted Mr. Carlyle.

"She has destroyed herself, as true as that we two are living here," persisted Joyce, her own face livid with emotion. "I can understand her words now; I could not before. She came here—and her face was like a corpse as the light fell upon it—saying she had come to get a promise from me to stay with her children when she was gone. I asked whether she was ill, and she answered, 'Yes, ill and wretched. Oh, sir, may Heaven support you under this dreadful trial.'"

Mr. Carlyle felt bewildered; perplexed. Not a syllable did he believe. He was not angry with Joyce, for he thought she had lost her reason.

"If it be so, sir, incredible as you may deem my words, pursued Joyce, wringing her hands, 'My lady has been miserably unhappy; and that has driven her to it.'"

"Joyce, are you in your senses or out of them?" demanded Mr. Carlyle, a certain sternness in his tone. "Your lady miserably unhappy! what do you mean?"

Before Joyce could answer, an addition was made to the company in the person of Miss Carlyle, who appeared in black stockings and a shawl, and the lofty nightcap. Hearing voices in Joyce's room, which was above her own, and full of curiosity, she ascended, not choosing to be shut out from the conference.

"Whatever's up?" cried she. "Is Lady Isabel found?"

"I have not found, and she never will be found but in her winding sheet," returned Joyce, whose lamentable and unusual state of excitement completely overpowered her customary quiet respect and plain good sense. "And, ma'am, I am glad that you have come up; for what I was about to say to my master I would prefer to say in your presence. When my lady is brought into this house, and laid before us dead, what will my feelings be? My master has made his duty by her in love, but you have made her life a misery. Yes, ma'am, you have."

"Hoity-toity!" uttered Miss Carlyle, staring at Joyce in consternation. "What is all this? Where's my lady?"

"She has gone and taken the life that was not hers to take," sobbed Joyce, "and I have not been allowed to indulge a will of her own, poor thing, since she came to East Lynne; in her own house she has been less free than either of her servants. You have curbed her, ma'am, and snapped at her, and made her feel that she was but a slave to your caprices and temper. All these years she has been crossed and put upon; everything, in short, but beaten—ma'am, you know she has—and she has borne it all in silence, like a patient angel, never, as I believe, complaining to master; he can say whether she has or not. We all loved her, we all felt for her; and my master's heart would have bled had he suspected what she had to put up with day after day, and year after year."

Miss Carlyle's tongue was glued to her mouth, her lips, confounded at the rapid words, could scarcely gather in their sense.

"What is it that you are saying, Joyce?" he asked, in a low tone. "I do not understand."

"I have longed to say it to you many a hundred times, sir; but it is right that you should hear it, now things have come to their fearful ending. Since the very night Lady Isabel came home here, your wife, she has been haunted with the cost she has brought to East Lynne and to you. If she wanted, but the simplest thing, she was forbidden to have it, and told that she was bringing her husband to poverty. For this very dinner-party that she went to to-night, she wished for a new dress, and your cruel words, ma'am, forbade her having it. She ordered a new frock for Miss Isabel and you commanded it. I have told her that master worked like a dog to support her extravagances; when you know that she never was extravagant; that none were less inclined to go beyond proper limits than she. I have seen her, ma'am, come away from your reproaches with the tears in her eyes, and her hands nearly clasped upon her bosom, as though life was heavy to bear. A gentle spirit, high-born lady, as she was, could not fail to be driven to desperation, and I know that she has been."

Mr. Carlyle turned to his sister. "Can this be true?" he inquired, in a tone of deep agitation.

"She did not answer. Whether it was the shade cast by the light of the reflection of the wax taper, her face looked of a green cast, and, for the first time probably in Miss Carlyle's life, her words failed her."

"May God forgive you, Caroline!" he muttered, as he went out of the chamber. He descended to his own. That his wife had laid violent hands upon herself, his reason only registered; she was one of the least likely to commit so great a sin. He believed that, in her unhappiness, she might have wandered out in

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IN THE TWILIGHT.

A penny for your thoughts, Malvina.
Where were you when I
I have watched for half an hour past
A pecker on your nose.
And a queer little city of the under lip.
Which I wholly dislike.

Come close and make confession, sweet.
I'll share you, never fear.
But fold those little white hands in mine,
And let your forehead touch mine.
O! better your dream! I think you might prove
Nearer—no more, let us hear.

"You wish we had not run away?"
But when your little hand
And would not allow you to come to me,
What could you do but go?
And if I am right, on that runaway night
I thought the train too slow.

You trembled like an aspen leaf
O! with the cool air in
Your lips at least were warm, my dear.
I tried them with my own.
But I thought they looked pale by the altar rail.
Where fate departed one.

"That empty cradle!" Ah, Malvina!
The little word within
Is sacred, perhaps, from many a care,
And unperceived by many a tear.
Has gathered the infant in.
No storm but clear the air, Malvina.
No wave but wear the stone.
The storm that swept over the water here
But made you more my own.
For the children will have each day of her life
Husband and love in one.

Grief did but do her perfect work.
And she came washed by rain
Shine over with a better light,
A radiant rest of pain.
And the eyes, Malvina, that have pierced the screen,
Are the low-voiced eyes of pain.

IN THE PRIORY GARDEN.

A quaint old-fashioned garden it is, with
straight grassy avenues, long mossy alleys
between prim hedges of box and holly,
smooth vistas opening to the sun and
broom, with here and there a comely
flower bed, and a small summer house,
fragrant, world-forgotten flowers, stone
lodge, and low, broken, ivied wall, re-
mains of bygone days when the old garden
was covered by a stately monastery, are
distinctive features.

The purple twilight was stealing softly
down, wrapping in its dusky silken wings
the gorgeous orange, crimson, and violet
that still flickered the mid-summer sky, one
single brilliant star shining in the clear
number of the sunset, a full clear note
sounding far in the evening stillness.

A tall, graceful girl, in a long trailing
white dress, was pacing slowly down one
of the narrow mossy alleys; in one hand
she held a bunch of scarlet geraniums, the
other was swinging a large garden hat care-
lessly up and down by its blue ribbons. A
fair, fresh, wilful face it was, with sweet
violet eyes. A knot of the geraniums
rested in the thick folds of wavy brown
hair, a scarf of soft white wool was tied
loosely round her throat, and by her side
walked a large stout bond, stately and se-
date, his eyes fixed against his mistress's
hand, his splendid white eyes following
every movement. A man's mellow tenor
voice sounded faintly through the trees,
coming nearer and nearer.

A shadow crossed the girl's face, the rosy
mouth pouted involuntarily.
"Ah, Hero," said she, looking down at
her dog, "there he is again, and singing
that everlasting song. It is always
"My queen, my queen." Listen, Hero,
listen.

The voice, nearer now, came on singing
in subdued, tender tones a verse of the
well-known song—

"I will not dream of her tall and stately
That I love may be far light
I will not say she should walk so lightly
Whoever she does, it will surely be right."

"And she may be humble or proud, my lady,
To find sweet love which is best to be found."

"Ah, Hero, old fellow," interrupted the
girl impatiently, "it is always the same
old thing. How I hate it! 'Whatever she
does, it will surely be right.' And I never do
anything right in his eyes! But, at any
rate, you believe in me, old fellow—don't
you? In your faithful eyes I am beautiful
and gentle and courteous in everything, if
I am not in Hero."

The dog looked up with his beautiful,
wistful eyes, the man's voice came nearer
and clearer.

"There, we won't listen any more, will
we, old dog? At least I have one friend
who is not always singing at me, or look-
ing unutterable disapprobation at me."

She stopped and took hold of one of the
dog's soft, silky ears. The voice came
softly through the high box hedge, it was
close to her now, every word distinct.

"But she must be courteous, and must be kind,
For it is her duty, that makes her so."

"Courteous, 'hoity, and I am such a
terrible reproach." Come away, Hero!"
And the girl started up, and began walk-
ing swiftly away down the avenue.

But she was too late—a few steps brought
her face to face with the singer, who
emerged quietly unconscious of her pres-
ence, from a side walk. A tall, brown-
faced young fellow he was, with bright,
dark eyes and clearly cut features, and
an expression indicative of power and de-
termination, relieved only by the frank
kindness of the eyes and smile.

"Ah, cousin mine, I have been looking
for you all over the garden, and he, stop-
ping before the girl, "Where have you
been to all alone?"

"Here, and I have been to the Lady's
Well, we are tired of the garden," replied
she, pettishly.

"No wonder you were not to be found,
then. Why did you not tell me, Nellie?
It was too late for you to go into the wood
alone."

"I had Hero—he is quite sufficient as
escort. I did not care for any other when he
is with me, thank you, Errol. We like to
be alone last," rejoined Nellie, accom-
panying her words with a swift glance, to
see how they would be received.

The hint was too broad to be misinter-
stood, but the only reply was a keen look
of inquiry at Nellie's veiled face, and a
sight again as he caught her eyes. He
turned to walk on, but she, with her two
peaked slowly on past the high prim hedges,
past banks of flowers, drooping as day
dropped too, on into a garden—may, a will
dew-drops of roses. The dew was brushed
off by Nellie's long dress, a subtle, deli-
cious perfume filled the air. Gradually
the hint of a blackbird's clear note rose high
and sweet. Unconsciously Errol began to
sing softly the refrain of his song—

"She is standing somewhere, who I would haunt,
Like that I wait for—my queen, my queen."

Nellie turned round.
"I do wish, Errol, you would not sing
that song. I hate it!"

"Hate it? Why, Nellie, it is charming!"
"I don't care, I hate it! It is always
"my queen!"

"There is there any special reason why
it should not be 'my queen'?" said he,
looking down at her and smiling quickly.
"Don't you see, cousin mine, she is a sort
of ideal?"

"Yes, I do see," interrupted Nellie, pet-

tishly, "and I always did dislike poetic
ideals and absolute perfection, and I hate
the song, and I wish you would not sing
it!"

"Of course I will not, if it annoys you
so much," said he, with another glance
at the fair, wilful face. But I want
to argue the point with you first. Here is
our old monk under the Noctua; sit down,
Nellie, and let me convince you as I need
to do in the old days."

Inwardly resolving not to be convinced,
Nellie sat down on the low stone wall, the
climbing rose around and above her ap-
pearing like a framework. Errol strolled
away to a large rose bush a few paces dis-
tant, and carefully cut off a splendid half-
opened Provence rose, which in its creamy
pinkness contained a world of delicate,
subtle scent; then, returning, he threw
himself on the grass at Nellie's feet, and
looked up into the sweet, wilful face.

"Now tell me, Nellie, why you don't
like 'My Queen'."

A shower of scarlet geranium petals fell
over the white dress, scattered ruthlessly
by Nellie's fingers; but she had no argu-
ment ready to support her dislike—at least,
none that she would use.

"She is a charming ideal," continued
Errol. "What have you to say against her,
Nellie?"

"Just that she is an ideal," answered
Nellie, shortly.

"And you cannot attain such a height?"
asked he, quietly, but with a keener glance
than ever at the face above him.

No answer came from the pouting lips.
The scarlet blossoms almost covered the
white dress, the evening breeze came up
and stirred the roses; a shower of petal-
tinted leaves fell on the scarlet. Errol
changed his position slightly. Raising
himself with one hand, he held the rose
toward her with the other.

"Nellie," said he, gently—"Nellie."

"Yes."

"Will you give me your geraniums for
this rose?" he inquired.

"No," she replied.

"Why not?" interrogated Errol.

"I like the geraniums better," said
Nellie, promptly, her eyes turned away
from his.

"I don't think you do—they are so very
battered. Won't you make the exchange,
Nellie?"

"She stole a glance at him. (There was
no mistaking his meaning. The geraniums
were only a small part of what was wanted.
A soft light flashed into the violet eyes;
for a moment she hesitated, and then, in a
sudden fit of wilful perversity, she said,
sarcasmically—

"You do me too much honor, Cousin
Errol; but I do not choose to be second
even to an ideal. Your 'queen' is waiting
somewhere, let me suggest that you give
the rose to her."

"My 'queen' is here—I found her long
ago. Her throne is this old stone seat, her
canopy the thorny white rose, her scepter
a bunch of flaming battered geraniums.
Will you take my rose, Nellie? It is not
convenient to keep me waiting so long."

His last words stung Nellie. It seemed
to her that to accept the rose so offered
would be a token of submission, a con-
fession of her own shortcomings. She
would none of it. The wilful eyes flashed
defiantly at him, as she said, perversely—

"No, thanks, I prefer my flaming ge-
raniums, battered as they are."

"As you will, Cousin Nellie," was the
quiet reply, and the rose was withdrawn.

The bird's clear notes ceased suddenly;
the night wind came up and shivered
among the roses; it seemed to have grown
suddenly dark. Nellie drew her scarf
closer round her shoulders.

"Let us go in," said she, "it is cold."

A week later Errol and Nellie stood in
the vine-covered porch of the old Priory.
A pile of logs, walking sticks and port-
manteaus lay on one side, a dog cart stood
before the door, and the man-servant was
busily stowing away the luggage, which
was labeled "New York."

"Why are you going, Errol?" asked
Nellie, shyly.

"Partly for business, partly for pleasure,
cousin mine."

"What is the business?"

"A special suit, which I do not wish to
lose if I can help it."

"And the pleasure?"

He gave her a keen, quick glance before
he answered.

"The pleasure? Well, at present the
pleasure is to gain that particular suit.
My adversary is rather obstreperous, but
my journey to America will give time for
reflection, and I think the matter will be
satisfactorily arranged. What shall I bring
you back, Nellie? In Italian wax-pump, or
the latest Yankee non-bonnet?"

"Neither, thank you, Errol," she said,
raising her sweet eyes, half mischievously,
half reproachfully. "I should prefer a bear-
skin and a bunch of scarlet ge-
raniums."

"Your wishes shall be obeyed. Good-
bye, Nellie," said he, gravely, and, spring-
ing up into the dog cart, he took the reins.
"Good-bye."

Nellie watched the dog cart out of sight,
and then turned into the house, feeling
guilty, defiant, repentant, and mischievous
half a dozen times before she reached her
mother's room.

"Ah, my queen, you are very wilful,"
thought Errol, as he turned his horse into
the lane. "But my rose shall win the day
yet. I can afford to wait till the tree blossoms
again next summer."



FAIR DANIEL PUTTING ON NEW GLOVES.—"Too tight? Oh, no, auntie, not at all—besides I like them a little tight!"
TROUBLESOME FATHER.—"Feels as if somebody was squeezing her hand; don't ye see, auntie!"

waiting and watching. Alas! she was not
the only one. With that day, when the
first warning appeared in the papers, be-
gan a time when her own fears were
echoed by hundreds of sad hearts all over
England.

Once more it was a fair summer evening
in the old Priory garden; the purple twilight
shadows were falling softly, and a
bird's high note sounded far in the stillness
as in bygone days. Terribly cruel it all
seemed to Nellie that the brightness and
beauty could last while hearts should be so
desolate. She was pacing restlessly up and
down the mossy green avenue, her black
dress clinging to her in sombre folds—for
the months had come and gone, and hope
at last had died out. Her walk beside
her, his head drooping. Presently she left
the alley and sought the old stone seat
under the Noctua rose. She threw herself
down on the grass beside it, and pressed
her cheek against the cold stone. It was
pitiless to see how pale and thin she had
grown—pitiless to see the wide-open, mis-
erable eyes, and weary, hopeless face—
as they had done a year ago—far away in
the dusky thicket the blackbird's clear
note rang out. She shivered as a rose leaf
fell on her hand. "And I grieved you, Errol,
that night. I remember it all; and you
can hear me no more, and I can
never tell you that I loved you. Oh, my
love, my love! How cruel it is—how pitiful—

the poor little white face worked and
quivered with convulsed sobs, and she
burst into a wild passion of weeping. All
those weary months of waiting she had
shed no tears from the wide-open mis-
erable eyes; now they came so irresistibly,
so passionately, that the slight figure shook
like a leaf in a storm.

"Nellie," said a low voice, "Nellie!"

She started and moaned as if the sound
were heard in a dream, and the drooping
bright head was not raised.

"Nellie!" said the voice again, and she
was gently raised from her crouching po-
sition by a man's strong arms. The dark
eyes that eagerly sought her were gladden-
ed with emotion, the face was almost
agitated as her own.

"Errol," she cried, "Errol!"

Her face was so ghastly in its incred-
ulous recognition, her eyes were so wildly
unbelieving, that he spoke as quickly as
possible.

"I was not in the ship, Nellie. My name
was in the list of passengers by mistake."

"Is it true, Errol?" she asked, and she
gave one long, searching glance, and put
out her hand to touch him.

"Yes, Nellie, it is. I was prevented
from sailing in the City of Boston, thank
God!" said he, reverently.

He took the poor little trembling hands
in one of his, with the other he put her
on the old seat. Her sweet violet eyes filled
afresh with tears, but with such tears of
grateful thankfulness as those who have
come out of the valley of the shadow of
death only can know, and for a few
minutes the solemn prayerful silence was
unbroken. At last Nellie spoke, with the
reverent tone of one who has just held
some sacred communion.

"How was it, Errol?" she asked.

"I had taken my passage on board the
City of Boston," he explained, "but at the
last moment a party of friends persuaded
me to join them on a hunting expedition
to the Rocky Mountains. We were away
four months, and all that time I received
no letters or newspapers, as we moved
about so rapidly from place to place that
they were not forwarded to us. When I
reached New York on my way home, I
learned of the loss of the vessel. I was
horror-struck to think of what you might
have endured. I set sail in the first
steamer. Thank Heaven I am at home in
safety at last!"

"Why did you not write, Errol?"

"I did, but I suppose my letters went
down with the vessel. I would have given
anything to save you this, Nellie."

"I know it," said Nellie, softly. With
serious, awe-struck eyes she looked up
through the rose-boughs: one bright star
gleamed down upon her with kindly light,
like a radiant messenger of sympathy.

"I want my welcome home, Nellie," said
Errol, presently.

She glanced at him with sweet, shy
eyes.

"Have I found my 'queen' at last?"

"Yes," whispered Nellie, softly.

He folded her in his arms, and kissed
her passionately on lips, brow, and cheeks,
and then, drawing her head on his should-
er, let her pale, pure face rest there. Her
little white fingers went wandering over
his coat—the very touch of the rough tweed
cloth gave such intense relief, comfort and
delight. After a while she raised her head
and spoke—

"Cousin Errol?"

"Yes, Cousin Nellie."

"Did you win the bear-suit?"

"Yes, fair lady; I have won my suit."

A Colorado Editor Interviews a Chinaman.

(From the Golden Globe.)

We asked him if he didn't want some
advertising done. He stopped work long
enough to say that he charged a dollar a
dozen, without ironing. We explained that
it wasn't washing we wanted, but adver-
tising. We told him how much his busi-
ness would be increased, how he'd be richer
than the king of the Sandwich Islands in
six months if he only advertised. This
seemed to be clear to him, and his face
brightened as he said, "Business body
slow; nobody got no money." We only
took out a paper at that. We carefully
explained to him all about fifteen cents a
line—one of these things clear across here
every time the paper was printed. The
people, we told him, would read this and
then come to him for washing. He took a
deep interest in the whole story, and paid
marked attention to our few remarks.

"You see, Mr. Hong Lee," we said,
thinking he was getting along first-rate in
English, "this is a paper—this here (put-
ting a finger on it.) When people read they
rush off frantically and buy of everybody
whose name they see in the paper. Do
you understand?" He said he did, and
wanted to know how many pieces we had—
whether they were big or little. We felt
discouraged. We had worked hard for
half an hour already, and he all the time
thinking that we were talking about wash-
ing! With an imprecation on the whole
race we went over the whole story again,
even going so far as to figure out to him
how many papers we printed and how many
we expected to print. He was all attention
as before, but when we stopped for breath
he spouted water on a batch of clothes
through his teeth, and then said, as coolly
as a mummy, that if we brought the clothes
on Monday he would have them done by
Wednesday.

Sartoris.

A Washington correspondent says: "Mr.
Sartoris is, if the truth must be told, awk-
ward and unimpressive in appearance. He
is one of the blondest of the blonde,
and wears his fair hair parted in the middle
of his intellectual head. This freak of
fashion assists in imparting to his im-
passive and infantile features the expres-
sion of innocence and idleness, so much ad-
mired in the young men of his class and country.
He is said, however, to be a very nice
fellow, and he ought to be, for Miss Nellie
Grant is a very nice girl. She is 18 years
old, I should guess, is a slender, modest
person, not very pretty, and has eyes as
blue and hair as fair as George Charles's
own. She would not be remarked in a
crowd, for she is no way remarkable, per-
haps is not quite up to the mark among
American belles, as that somewhat mythi-
cal class goes. She in fact lacks extreme
beauty, or what in our day is beauty's
equivalent, extreme style. She has been
no belle in society here, even with a papa
President and the glories of a White House
to back her, she has not in manners or
dress the slightest element of fashion, or
what was so much admired in the Emper-
ress Eugenie, 'chic,' but she is liked by every
one, men and women, for her quiet,
modest demeanor and self-possession, and
to many her gentle, pleasant smile is as
attractive as a pair of flashing eyes
and bright tinted cheeks. As may be
imagined from her appearance, her mental
qualities and accomplishments are of the
same quiet, half negative order. The ac-
quaintance began abroad, it is said, when
Mr. Sartoris was only a younger son. As
luck would have it, the elder brother broke
his neck during a fox hunt, and the young
man in question hastened over the sea to
lay his parks and castle halls at Miss
Nellie's feet.—Exchange Paper.

Benny Davis's Trained Rat.

(From the Detroit Free Press.)

A boy twelve years old, named Benny
Davis, whose parents live on the river
road, broke his leg some months ago, and
has been confined to the house ever since.
He has, during the last three months,
trained a rat to come forth at his whistle,
stand on its hind feet, roll over, leap
through a hoop covered with paper, and to
execute various other manoeuvres. The
family own a big cat, and she has been
trained to stretch out and let the rat leap
over her, and the two are great friends,
though Grimalkin is death on all other
rodents. The lad has an exhibition twice
a week, and secures quite an income by
charging an admission fee of five cents.

Remarkable Presentiment.

The Scranton Times makes itself respon-
sible for this story of a remarkable pre-
sentiment of evil.—It will be remembered
that four persons were killed at a recent
railroad disaster upon the Jefferson branch
of the Erie. One of these, the engineer,
John Harding, had a sister living in Car-
bondale. She was sitting at the table read-
ing at the time of the accident, and at
very instant, as afterwards ascertained, of
the catastrophe, she leaped up from her
chair and cried out, "Jack is dead." She
then ran to the depot—told them some-
thing had happened to her brother—urged
them to telegraph—and in a few moments
thereafter came the news of his terrible
fate. This incident is well authenticated.

Marriage.

The Rev. J. F. Ware, in his lectures
on "The Conduct of Life," speaking of
marriage, said: "A young man, in mak-
ing his choice, should seek a woman lov-
able in all things, and not a woman to be
a figure-head for an establishment. Young
men often make an excuse for not mar-
rying that they cannot bear the expense,
and this matter of extravagance is respon-
sible for the modern institution of bachel-
or life, than which there is nothing more
propitious of death to many virtues and
ragged character. A man had better make
his will and cut his throat at once, than
marry a giddy, fashionable fool; but if he
wants a woman to stand by him as a sharer
in his joys and troubles, then is the
plea of expense groundless."

66 FELONS AND RUSTY NAILS.—For the
past ten years, we have treated felons with
hot water, and with unerring success. No
cutting, no blistering, no anything, but
wiping the finger, hand, or even the
whole arm, if necessary, in water as hot as
can be borne, until the pain is gone and
the core is loosened and drawn from the
bone. When rusty nails have produced
wounds, the same course has been pursued.
—Elder Evans in the Shaker.

66 A FRENCH CUSTOM.—A Paris dentist
was reported to have hung out a sign on
which was inscribed—

"Teeth extracted
Without pain for 2 francs."

To his disgust, no patients made their ap-
pearance, and, after enduring the heart-
sickness of hope deferred for three months,
he added a line to his announcement thus—

"With pain for 1 franc."

To his gratification, he had crowds of pa-
tients, but they all preferred to pay the 2
francs.

Answers to Correspondents.

PAV TOWN FORTION.—Answers and others often
as to letters and manuscripts are not fully given
in these cases the Department have endeavored
of the deficiency—which we either have to pay, or
to decline sending them. We are always ready
to send large packages by express.

We cannot undertake to answer questions relating
to the acceptance of manuscripts in this column.
And there is no occasion of writing to
ask whether we will examine a manuscript. Send
it, and we will examine it; it is always ready to
avoid all danger of loss—we do not hold our-
selves responsible for the safe return of manuscripts.

KINGSLY (Trenton, N. Y.) asks: "1st. When
and where was Gen. Scott born? 2d. In what
year was Mark, and 'Daisy' published? 3d. Gen.
Scott was born in Petersburg, Virginia, June
10th, 1784. 4th. In the Post. We do not give your
other questions, as our space is so limited. In a
private matter, and the other betrays such igno-
rance of the common historical fact as to
make the question a mere waste of space."

B. A. B. (Ancon, Ill.) asks: "In which
of Dickens's novels does the character of Miss Tox
appear? 2d. Was she the one who 'killed' any
persons?" 1st. In Dombey and Son, 2d. Yes.
Miss Tox was a milk-and-water young lady who
"smiled through life without any emotion." She
looked upon Dombey and Son as the pivot on which
the whole world turned, and once indulged a very
distant hope that she should become Mrs. Dombey.
But when Mr. Dombey married Edith, Miss Tox
"felt she had no reason of complaint; and that no
wife could be too handsome or too steady for him."

For a day or two the harpichord and piano were
neglected, but Miss Tox "was not of a disposition
long to abandon herself to unavailing rage, and
converted her 'affection' into Platonic love."

J. W. R. (Utica, Iowa) writes: "Will you please
answer me through the Post, or in any other way,
the following question? 'He struck the dog a
blow.' What is 'blow'? And if an adverb, what
kind of adverb? Is it an adverb of manner, or
of place, or of time, or of degree, or of quantity,
or of the object of the verb 'struck,' 'He' would
make the object of the verb, 'he' would be the
subject, as 'He struck a blow on the dog.' 'Blow'
as the second object of 'struck.' Brown, we
think, gives authority for the latter interpretation
of the word."

"ALABAMA" (County Newfrew, Prov. of On-
tario, D. C.) writes: "As I am about starting out
in the world to seek my fortune, and as I am
of your valuable advice would be most acceptable,
were they directed to my prospects, which are as
follows:—I am twenty-one years of age, and am
proud to say, a member of an ancient and
honorable society. I am, moreover, engaged to a
beautiful, earnest and sensible young girl, whom
I truly and affectionately love, and whom I
every reason to believe that love is returned.
She has promised to marry me, or rather, which
will be in all probability two years, or thereabout,
at the expiration of which time I intend returning
and claiming her as my wife." Our advice to you is
to go ahead, and not take any more advice from
us. We think we can trust you to take care of
yourself. You underestimate your "scholarship,"
for your handwriting and composition are both
good. You are a member of an ancient and
honorable society. I am, moreover, engaged to a
beautiful, earnest and sensible young girl, whom
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